

A CASTILIAN BRAVADO

Revolting Scene Pictured by a Spanish Novelist.

NERVE OF THE HAUGHTY DON

Striking Description of the Daring and Courage Displayed by the Old General Who Would Not Permit an Englishman to Outdo Him.

The realistic Spanish novelist, Valdes, in one of his most popular stories ("Sister San Sulpice," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole) gives a description of a retired Spanish general's afternoon out which will illustrate many chivalric incidents in Spanish life and aptly illustrates the reckless daring and courage of which the average haughty don is liberally possessed. The scene is a sort of picnic grounds in the outskirts of Seville.

"Meantime the animation had been on the increase among the ruffians. The period of unmanly action had come. One of them climbed upon a table to make a speech, and then the others, by way of applause, threw sherry and manzanilla in his face. Another was trying to lift with his teeth a companion whom drunkenness had stretched out on the floor. He did not succeed. He merely tore his sack coat. Still others were committing absurd and extravagant actions, making a great noise and uproar.

"The count remained grave and silent, drinking one glass of sherry after another. But his eyes were no longer, as usual, incomprehensible and unfathomable, like those of a man tired of life. Though he did not speak or move about he seemed a different man.

"The Englishman had taken off his jacket and waistcoat and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, was exhibiting his biceps, which were really powerful, and trying to break empty bottles on his arm. Once blood had come, but he went on breaking the bottles without paying any attention to it. Then he asked the waiter to bring a bottle of rum and a large glass. He filled this to the brim with the liquor, and then slowly, without moving a muscle or even winking, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sat down at the table opposite the count and said solemnly: "You can't do that."

"A flash of fury gleamed through the harem-bred nobleman's eyes, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and, turning the rest of the bottle into the glass, he calmly ordered the waiter to bring him some pepper. He threw in a pinch of it, then threw into his cigar ashes heaped up before him and, without saying a word, with the same scornful, contemptuous smile, drained the glass and, not content with that, bit it in pieces. We saw his lips spotted with blood. The company received with oles and shouts of triumph this proof of an unconquerable stomach, in which it seemed as though the national honor were concerned.

"Our neighbors in the other booths must have reached the same happy grade of temperature, for nothing was heard but extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses, coarse laughter and swearing.

"The count was not yet satisfied with his victory over the Englishman. While he was swallowing with apparent calmness the glasses of liquor which were offered to him he did not cease to devour him with his eyes, carried away by a dull madness, which soon broke out. His eyes, which were the only part of his impressive face that moved, gleamed more and more ferociously, like those of a madman when a straitjacket has been put on him. The Englishman continued to boast of his strength. He was now thoroughly intoxicated and talking incoherently enough to the others, who

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were not so drunk.

"So you are very valiant, are you?" asked the count, still smiling disdainfully.

"More than you," retorted the Englishman.

"Don Jenaro started to spring at him, but the others restrained him. Soon calming himself, he said:

"If you are so brave, why not put your hand on the table?"

"What for?"

"To pin it down with mine."

The Englishman without an instant's hesitation stretched out his huge, brawny hand. The count took out of his pocket a damascened dagger and laid his delicate, gentlemanly hand on the Englishman's, and without hesitation and with a ferocious grip he raised the point with the other and drove it through both into the table.

"The women uttered a cry of terror. All of us men ran to their assistance. A few left the place in search of help. In an instant our booth was filled with blood. From the wounds great drops of blood streamed, staining the handkerchiefs which we applied to them.

"A doctor who happened to be among the bystanders dressed the wounds provisionally with the few means at his disposal. The count smiled while they were dressing his hand. The Englishman was as sick as a horse, and soon the count was the same, and both were taken to sick rooms as the establishment had to offer and went to bed. Every one left, commenting on the barbarism of the deed."

SPORTS AT SEA.

How the Long Trip From Madeira to Cape Town is Enjoyed.

The voyage to Cape Town from Southampton or Madeira is a long one, sixteen to twenty days, says the Travel Magazine. And so we find passengers organized on board for transcending the ordinary concerts, amateur theatricals, deck games and the like familiar to all of us on the ordinary ocean going liner.

The programme is an ambitious one, comprising boxing, gymnastic drill, obstacle racing, cockfighting, cricket, baseball and football, egg and spoon races for men and girls and children, ordinary deck games and evening amusement, such as concerts and dances.

The sack race for grown men is the delight of all the children, who love to see their fathers tied up in sacks and progressing by kangaroo-like bounds, whose uncertainty is made still more precarious by the pitch and roll of the great vessel. Nor must I forget the bolster and pillow fights, with competitors perched on horizontal bars, with their legs tied beneath. Some fighters display rare gameness and staying power, so that the onlookers feel quite grieved when they "go under" in a very literal sense.

Now and then an unfair wag will coat his trousers with resin and thus contrive to keep his balance in a way enabling him to withstand all comers. Of course the prizes are made up of the entrance fees paid by competitors, which may amount to 60 or 80 cents per head.

THE LIGHTNING ROD.

Franklin's Theory Was Known Away Back in Talmudic Times.

In an article on "Current Topics in Ancient Literature" J. D. Eisenstein says in the Sydney (Australia) Standard:

"The lightning rod was invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1752 to arrest the electricity of the thunder. When the information of the discovery reached Rabbi Saul Katzenellenbogen of Wilna, he said that the theory was not new, because it was already known in Talmudic times, and he showed a passage in the Tosefta (third century) where it says that on Sabbath it is permitted to place an iron near the henhouse to safeguard the fowls from thunder and lightning strikes." The Talmud vouchers that there is nothing superstitious about this belief. (Tosefta, Shabb, chapter 6, end.)

"The system of telegraphy, in a crude manner, is curiously described by Judah b. Jacob Chayot in his commentary to 'The System of Theology' chapter, 'The Gate of the Chariot' (see page 218b, ed. Ferrara, 1558). Chayot is perhaps the first Hebrew author who transcribes the term 'magnet,' and he explains the physical phenomena as follows: 'If you break the magnet into two parts and separate them at any distance, even a thousand miles apart, any movement caused by a joining wire to one part will be repeated by the other part' (quoted also in Shelah, page 30a, ed. Amsterdam, 1708.)"

Why Penmen Get Tired.

The average person has no idea how much muscular effort is expended in writing a letter. A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong and in five hours a third of a mile. In writing an average word the penman makes in the neighborhood of sixteen curves of the pen. Thus in writing thirty words to the minute his pen would make 480 curves. 28,000 curves an hour and 86,400,000 in a year of 300 days of ten hours each. The man who succeeded in making 1,000,000 marks with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make 4,000,000 while merely writing.—Minneapolis Journal.

Not very interesting, but Lena, a Miss Emmet, is the prettiest, but Lena is Miss Emmet. Now, which would I consider marry, beauty or brains? He says for brains—Neither, I'd rather marry you.

Don't say puff a man up, but it never prop him up.—Ruskin.

CROWDS HEAR SOUSA

His Wonderful Band Attracts Thousands to the Pittsburg Exposition

John Philip Sousa and the greatest of all American bands were at the Pittsburg Exposition and will remain there all of next week, bringing joy to the thousands and thousands that are flocking to the immense show to hear the "March King." Sousa last week completed his season at Willow Grove park near Philadelphia with a patronage that ran daily into the 50,000 class and on several occasions into the hundred thousands. Closing his season there he came to the Exposition on last Monday for a two-weeks engagement—the eleventh year in which he has played to Pittsburg audiences at the Exposition.

Sousa, who is most partial to American musical talent, has the greatest confidence in home-born merit and gives reality to this confidence by presenting with his band this season the pick of American musical talent as solo performers—Miss Lucy Allen, a new soprano who has been creating much favor in Pittsburg during the first week of her engagement at the Exposition with the Sousa band; Herbert Clarke, the prince of modern cornetists, whose work with the Sousa band has placed him in the front rank among musicians; Miss Jeannette Powers, the violinist, who has proved to be a remarkably gifted young woman. The trio of soloists have been heard during the present week with Mr. Sousa and have won rounds of applause at every concert.

Sousa has evenings of rare pleasure and delight for all who will be fortunate enough to hear him and his band, his splendid soloists, his dashing programs and his many sparkling encores this week and next. The new music hall, which seats over 3,500, has been found even too small for the Sousa enthusiasts who pack the hall afternoon and evening.

The announcement made a few days ago that the railroads entering Pittsburg had restored the old rate of one fare for the round trip for the Exposition excursions was received with favor by the out-of-town people who have been accustomed, year in and year out, to make their annual pilgrimage to Pittsburg for the purpose of taking in the big show. The general excursions are being run every Thursday by all of the railroads for the one fare. Tickets good for admission to the Exposition will be found on sale at the majority of the ticket offices in every town within a radius of 100 miles of Pittsburg, thus saving the bother of getting into the crowd at the Expo gate. The first of these general excursions was run last Thursday and brought thousands of people to the Exposition. On Saturdays and Wednesdays special excursions are run from certain sections to the Exposition, the excursion rate of one fare for the round trip also being in vogue for these.

The directors of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society feel that they have been amply repaid for the \$100,000 or more which has been spent this year for improvements on the Exposition. And all of the new features have an added attraction this season. There is the greatest of all animal shows, the Boston animal arena, which, with its 100 animals, is a whole show in itself and attracts every visitor to the Exposition. Then there are such side attractions as Consul, the world-famed chimpanzee; "Indras," the sacred elephant; the electrical illusion, "Pharaoh's Daughter," the demonstration of the package express, which is proving a decidedly interesting exhibit, especially to the ruralites; the "Floral Hall," the "City of Tomorrow" exhibit; the "Coffee Packing Machine," the scores of fun-making devices such as the merry-go-round, the roller coaster, the Ferris wheel, the pony track and what not.

In all of the nineteen years of the existence of the Exposition no season has been started under such auspicious circumstances. The crowds have been immense and they are getting bigger every day.

Victor Herbert follows Sousa's engagement.

So Nervous He Could Not Work

Loss of time means loss of money. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills save you both.

To the wage earner who needs steady hands to do his work and to whom the loss of a day or a week means financial hardship and possibly the lack of ability to purchase the necessities of life for his wife and little ones. The statement of results obtained in just such a case by Mr. Fred Hoyt of 724 6th Ave., New Brighton, Pa., is of the greatest interest and value. Mr. Hoyt says in a way that shows positive results.

"I used to have a hand so steady, I could write the Lord's prayer in a twenty-five cent piece—then as a result of overwork and overstrain my eyes gave out and my hands and nerves generally became tremble. I was restless and could not sleep. I certainly was in bad shape and lost my ability to write—could just scrawl. I heard of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills and got some and they took hold immediately. I began to sleep and gain strength, my nerves grew steady and my eyesight improved greatly. Today I feel finely and can write as well again as ever, and that means a very steady nerve." See a box at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Value of the Spirit of Compromise in Wedded Life.

If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel there would be no problems to solve, no perfections to attain, no progress to make. This may be why there are no marriages in heaven.

On earth it is different. Husband and wife are strongly human. No matter how lovingly united or how sweet their accord, they never have the same temperaments, tendencies or tastes.

Their needs are different, their manner of looking at things is not identical and in varying ways their individualities assert themselves. At any critical moment if both express at the same time a desire to defer to the other's taste the result is foreordained—happiness. This makes matrimony not merely union, but union and unity.

The spirit of compromise does not mean a continuous performance in the way of self surrender and self sacrifice; it does not mean ceasing to be a voice and becoming an echo; it does not imply or justify the loss of individuality. It means simply the instinctive recognition of the best way out of a difficulty, the quickest tacking to avoid a collision, the kindly view of tolerance in the presence of weakness and errors of another, the courage to meet an explanation half way, the generosity to be first to apologize for a discord, the largeness of mind that does not fear a sacrifice of dignity in surrendering in the interests of the highest harmony of the two rather than the personal vanity.—Delineator.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

Even When He Lost Both Feet He Could Find Consolation.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends, according to the Ladies' Home Journal. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blessed with an overabundance last year."

In the winter his house was burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded, "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened.

The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"Guess you are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured some one. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said:

"They were always cold anyway"

Unprofitable Adam.

There is occasion for much beating about the bush for answers to many questions put by wise theologians to timid people, but one set of men found their match in the old Scotchwoman under examination for admission to church fellowship.

"What are the decrees of God?" she was solemnly asked.

"Indeed, I trow, he ken's that best himself."

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Oh, just like ither folk!" was the quick reply.

The questioner insisted on a more definite answer. "Weel," said she, "he was just like Joems Maidden, ye ken."

"How so?"

"Weel, nobody got anything by him, and mony lost."

Curios.

Mr. Chow has a passion for curios, but was not able to distinguish a genuine article from a spurious one. One day a dealer came to him wishing to sell the lacquer bowl of Emperor Shun (B. C. 2255), the rod with which the Duke of Chow (about B. C. 1122) flogged Pak Kam, and the mat on which Confucius sat (B. C. 551). Mr. Chow sold all his worldly possessions and purchased them. Holding the bowl in his left hand, clutching the rod in his right hand and carrying the mat upon his back, he went around begging for a copper coin of King Woo (B. C. 1122).—From the Chinese.

Naturally.

Two men met at the gate of the cemetery, and each with excessive politeness bowed to the other to pass in before him. After a few minutes of this, when neither would give way, the younger of the two smiled and said:

"You are the elder of the two, so naturally you ought to go first."—Sourire.

Run and Unrun.

"When I first went to housekeeping I tried to run everything. I ended with running nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Well, perhaps the gamut of the emotions now and then."—New York World.

His Position.

Peckem—My wife referred to me as the head of the family today. Meeker—How did that happen? Peckem—She was talking to a man who called to collect a bill.—Chicago News.

Many a man finds out too late that he cannot hide anything from his own conscience.—Pitney.

THE WIND OF DEATH.

Life Lines in Trieste's Street For Use When the Bora Blows.

That which was once Illyria is now Dalmatia, or, rather, that part of Illyria which reaches the Adriatic is Dalmatia, the half forgotten country, as the Austrians called it when it fell into their hands not so many years ago.

It is one of the few bits of Europe that remain in a measure unbacked, and it is still out of the beaten paths of the tourist, who himself is almost as much of a curiosity to the people as they are to him. There are seasons, according to an article in Appleton's Magazine, when the bora blows, that wind of death, as the natives call it, which comes out of the blue with more than a suddenness of a tornado and shakes the earth and all that is on the earth, stinging, blinding, choking. In the square of Trieste life lines are prominent features which the citizens must grasp when the bora clutches them, and they grope their way through the whirling dust and the promiscuous missiles flying in the darkened air. But the bora goes as quickly as it comes, and when it is gone the people simply excavate themselves out of the drift and think no more about the winged demon, which has left no trail whatever in the restored serenity of the scoured sky.

HIS SYMPATHY.

It Would Have Been Worth More Only He Lacked Presence of Mind.

In the criminal court in Baltimore a dandy was on trial for stealing a watch, which he had pawned. He was identified by the owner as the person who grabbed the watch out of his pocket, yet the dandy claimed to be innocent. When asked how he came into possession of the watch he said:

"I was standing on the corner when a man comes up to me and says he is hard up and hasn't a cent to buy food with, and he wants to sell me this watch for \$3. I knew I could get \$4 on it in pawn, and I felt sorry for him and bought the watch for \$3 and pawned it for \$4. That's how I got the watch."

The prosecutor then asked, if he had bought the watch for \$3, knowing he could pawn it for \$4, simply to help the man along because he felt sorry for him, why hadn't he advise him to pawn it himself, and then he would have had \$4 instead of \$3.

"Well, you see," said the prisoner, "I didn't have the presence of mind to do that."—Judge's Library.

The Old Suez Canal.

Few people are aware that there had been a canal across the isthmus of Suez before De Lesseps ever conceived the idea of his monumental enterprise. A canal across the isthmus was actually constructed 600 years before the Christian era and served as a waterway for small vessels until about 1,000 years ago, when it was allowed to fall into disuse. Napoleon revived the idea and instructed one of the great engineers of his day to investigate the matter, but though a favorable report was presented to him, in which M. Lepere recommended the restoration of the canal, the work itself was never touched. When M. de Lesseps undertook the task of cutting the canal he thought at first to follow the idea of Napoleon and restore the ancient waterway, but this plan was abandoned and the present plan determined upon.

The Other Way Around.

The loyalty of the Scottish Highlander to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold, and Highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it in order to get warm, though this would be much like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt sleeves for the same purpose.

It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full Highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him:

"Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?"

"Na, na, mon," the soldier answered indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld."

Labor of Ants.

It would perhaps be pushing metaphors to an unwarranted extreme to speak of "dignity of labor" in connection with the occupations of ants. But if by the phrase we mean that labor is the honorable lot of all citizens and that all labors of whatever sort are upon the same level of respectability, then we might venture to apply the saying even to the labors of an ant hill. For therein all are workers, from the newly fledged cullow to the veteran of a second summer.—Harper's Magazine.

Nothing.

A cockney tourist who had invaded Ireland was trying his hand at chaffing a native.

"But," said he, "what is the meaning of the word 'nothing'?"

"Sure, I can't explain it, but ye'll find it in the place where your brains ought to be!"

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NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY FOR A CHARTER

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 20th day of September, 1907, by August Baldant, Joseph E. Weist and Clement W. Flynn, under the Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 28, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Runaway Run Coal & Coke Co.," the character and object of which is for the purpose of mining, quarrying, excavating and boring for coal, iron ore, limestone, freestone and other minerals and substances incidentally developed and the manufacture of said minerals into coke, pig metal, building and fire brick and the sale of the said minerals and manufactured products, and to such an extent as may be necessary and convenient for said purposes, to acquire and dispose of real estate by sale, lease or otherwise, and the several privileges, powers, and immunities conferred upon such corporations by said Act of Assembly of April 28, 1874, and the several supplements thereto, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, privileges and benefits of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

CLEMENT W. FLYNN, solicitor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of G. Bohren, late of the Borough of Reynoldsville, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration in the above named estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to the undersigned.

MRS. ANNE BOHREN, Administrator.

C. W. FLYNN, Attorney.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between G. W. Styles and J. H. Styles under the firm name of Styles & Styles, which has been this day dissolved. The business will be continued by G. W. Styles under the same name.

G. W. STYLES, J. H. STYLES.

Aug. 31, 1907.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of James I. Anderson, in Knox Township, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against the same will present them for payment only on a certified copy of the inventory thereon will please make immediate payment to.

M. W. Davis, Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Mrs. Mathilda Burge, late of Borough of West Reynoldsville, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration in the above named estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to the undersigned.

S. M. McCreight, Executor.

Attorney, L. S. Anderson.

Sept. 12, 1907.

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